Memories of Mother

The Song that Reaches the Heart

Words by
John B. Ricketts

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Music by
John B. Ricketts, Jr.

"MEMORIES OF MOTHER"

Words by
JOHN B. RICKETTS

BALLAD

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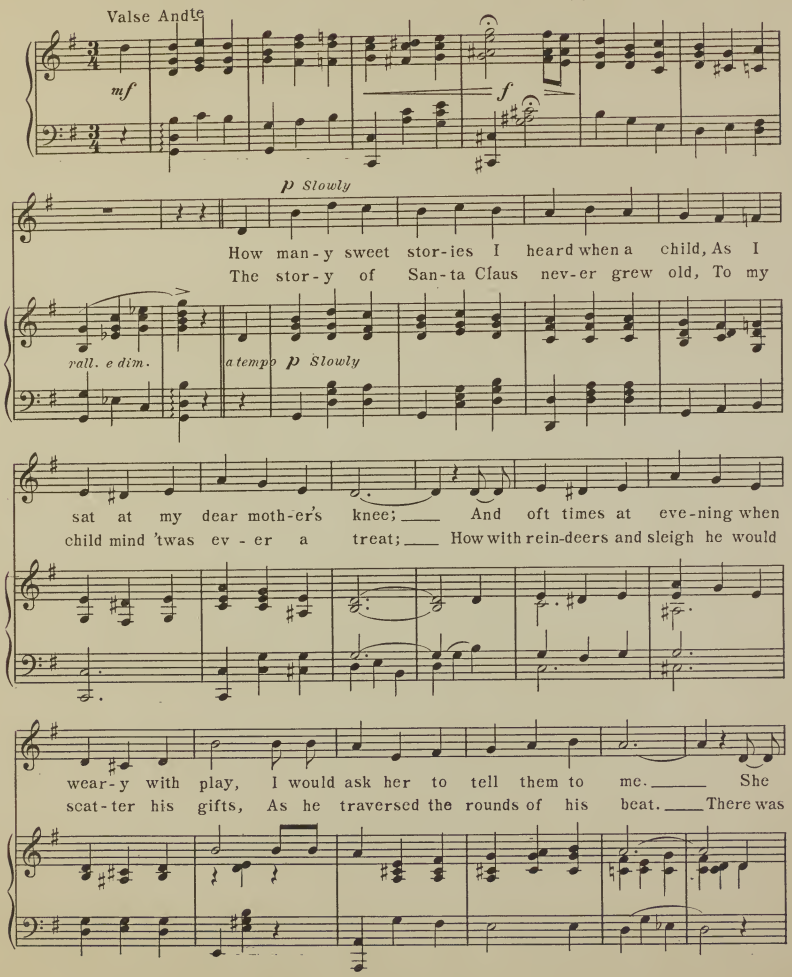
Valse Andte
mf
f
p Slowly
How man-y sweet stor-ies I heard when a child, As I
The stor-y of San-ta Claus nev-er grew old, To my
rall. e dim.
a tempo p Slowly
sat at my dear moth-er's knee; And oft times at eve-ning when
child mind 'twas ev-er a treat; How with rein-deers and sleigh he would
wear-y with play, I would ask her to tell them to me. She
scat-ter his gifts, As he traversed the rounds of his beat. There was

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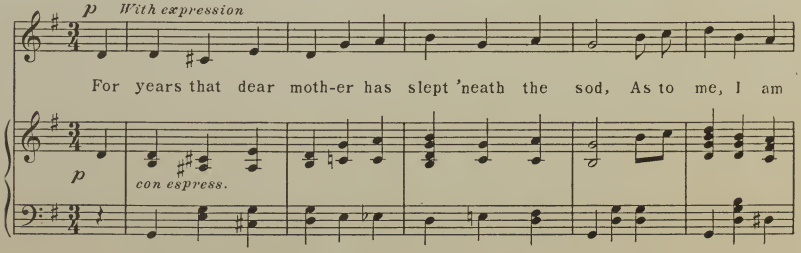
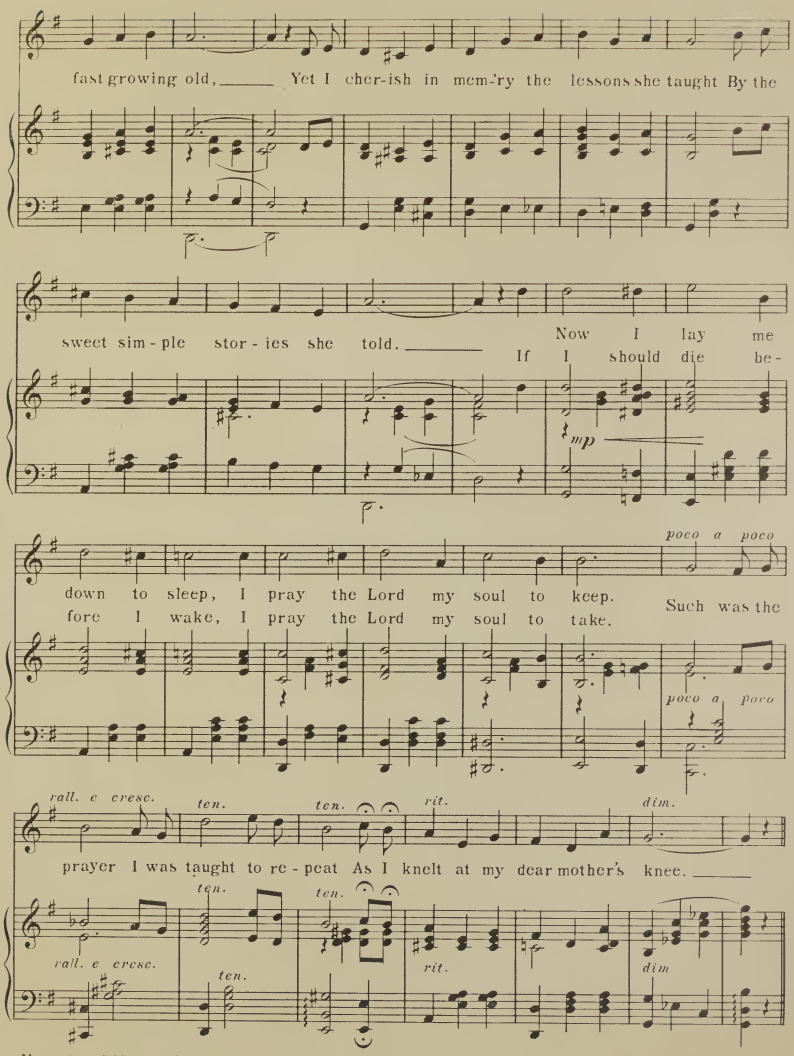
told of good an-gels that came from the skies, And watched thro' the
stor-ies of fair-ies, and le-gends of yore The long win-ter
long hours of night By the bed-side of chil-dren who
eve-nings be-guiled; And each point-ing a mor-al that
tried to be good, And who prayed God to teach them the right.
sweet-ly ap-pealed To the mind of an in-no-cent child.

REFRAIN


p
With expression
For years that dear moth-er has slept 'neath the sod, As to me, I am
p
con espress.


fast growing old, Yet I cher-ish in mem-'ry the lessons she taught By the
sweet sim - ple stor - ies she told. Now I lay me
If I should die be-
mp
down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep.
fore I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take.
poco a poco
Such was the
poco a poco
rall. e cresc.
ten.
ten.
rit.
dim.
prayer I was taught to re - peat As I knelt at my dear mother's knee.
ten.
ten.
rall. e cresc.
ten.
rit.
dim